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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*An Account of the British Campaign in 1809, under Sir A. Wellesley, in Portugal and Spain.* By the Earl of Munster. Edition for private circulation. 8vo. pp. 118. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

*Memoirs of the late War: comprising the Personal Narrative of Captain Cooke, of the 43d Regt. Light Infantry; the History of the Campaign of 1809 in Portugal,* by the Earl of Munster; and a *Narrative of the Campaign of 1814 in Holland,* by Lieut. T. W. D. Moodie, H. P. 21st Fusiliers. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

We have placed the volume with which the kindness of the Earl of Munster has honoured us at the head of this notice, though the same Narrative forms a part of the second work, whose title also stands above. It originally appeared anonymously in the *United Service Journal*,\* where it attracted so much attention as soon to lead to the discovery of its gallant and distinguished author, who served through the whole of the glorious Peninsular campaigns, with the exception of that of 1812, when he returned to England on promotion. It is indeed a soldier-like, spirited, and faithful "record of the events of which it treats," and consequently, a valuable addition to the military memoirs of the British army; but as it has already enriched another periodical, we shall satisfy ourselves with a single extract. Lord Munster's observations on the characters of the French and English soldiers shew how able he is to form a judgment and to express it when formed.

"Sir Arthur, surrounded by his staff, slept, wrapped in his cloak, on the open ground, in rear of the second line, about the centre of the British army. A hasty doze was occasionally taken, as more continued rest was disturbed by alarm of different kinds, while the reflections of others kept them waking. The bustle of the day had prevented a review of our situation, but, on being left to our own thoughts, it was impossible not to reflect on the awfully approaching crisis. We could not but feel that here was to be another trial of the ancient military rivalry of England and France; that the cool, constitutional, persevering courage of the former was again to be pitted against the more artificial, however chivalrous, though not less praiseworthy, bravery of the latter. This view of the relative valour of the two nations cannot be questioned, if we consider that the reminding the British of this moral quality is wholly unnecessary, and instead of language of excitement being constantly applied to our soldiery, that of control, obedience, and composure, is solely recommended; while our ancient opponents are obliged incessantly to drive into the ears of their men, that they are nationally and individually the bravest of the

human race. Hearing nothing else so flattering to their unbounded vanity, they become so puffed up by this eternal stimulant, as to be fully convinced of its truth, which, in consequence, makes their first attack tremendous. Buonaparte, being aware of this weak point in their character, fed it in every way, and the object of wearing a paltry piece of enamel gained him many battles. But this sort of created courage is not capable of standing a severe test, and the French have always been in their military character more Gauls than Franks; and what Cesar said of the former, eighteen centuries ago, is still applicable to the races now occupying their fine country. If stoutly opposed at first, this kind of courage not only diminishes but evaporates, and has, does, and will, ever fail before that of the British. As soldiers, taking the expression in its widest sense, they are equal, if not superior, to us in many points; but on one, that of individual constitutional courage, we rise far superior to them. It is remarkable how often they evince a knowledge of this, and in nothing more than their subterfuges of all kinds to keep it from resting on their minds. All France, aware of this inferiority, by all species of casuistry attempts to conceal it; and in order not to shock their national vanity, they blame every unsuccessful officer opposed to us, even should his dispositions be ever so good, and such as might, but for the courage of our men, have succeeded. Buonaparte's conduct, after Vittoria, was directed to work on this feeling, and, by sacrificing the officers to the self-vanity of the troops, established for a time the *moral* of the army, by making those who had fled like sheep at Vittoria, fight us again, though unsuccessfully, with renewed spirit. Besides the bravery of the two nations, no less was the plain of Talavera to try the merit of two systems, and prove the value of different means and education in forming a powerful and efficient military. It was not only to be shewn if a chivalrous enthusiasm, and a confidence founded on vanity, was to overcome natural and patriotic courage, but if a sense of duty, inculcated by a real discipline, was to sink under feelings created by an absence of control and a long train of excess and military license. It was, whether an organised army, worthy of a civilised period and state of warfare, should not overcome a military caste grown up in the heart of Europe, (from the peculiarity of the times and circumstances,) little better than the bandits led by Bourbon to the walls of Rome in the sixteenth century. The system on which the French armies were formed was so demoralising and pernicious in its effects, that the army of Buonaparte ought not to be considered as the national force of France, but that of a conqueror, like Ghenghis Khan, or Tamerlane, of a more civilised age and quarter of the world. Like those scourges, the ruler of the French existed by upholding that soldiery the times had first created, and which his ambition subsequently fostered, and in perpetuating their attachment to his per-

son by leading them to victory and plunder; in consequence, robbery was not only overlooked, but permitted, and an economist [encomiast?] of the French army has since dared in print to excuse its atrocities. This, it is true, is written by one of the revolutionary school, but it will be, (as long as the work is read,) a perpetual disgrace to the army whose acts he records. All discipline sank under this state of things. Coercion was neither necessary nor prudent, where the views of all were directed to the same lawless objects; and the military code was rather a bond of union and companionship, fostering a spurious glory, or ambition, and a thirst and hope of reward in unshackled military license and execution, than a collection of laws respecting the rights and claims of human nature. The quickness and intelligence of the French soldiery pointed out the necessity of an obedience to their officers, whom they considered as leading them to objects equally desirable to all; and thus actuated, far from having to receive orders, they readily anticipated them. A Bedouin robber does not require the positive commands of his chief to do his utmost to destroy the guards, or to plunder the camels of a caravan; and no more did the French, with gain or impure military fame in view, require farther stimulus or direction. But these various causes so suited the French, that they had the effect, since the Revolution, of raising their armies to the summit of fame, while their successes over the continental troops had made them universally dreaded. They felt this, which increased their confidence; and the army before us, sleeping on the opposite side of the ravine, was strongly imbued with this impression, being formed of the fine remnants of the Italian army, who had so often conquered under Buonaparte, and subsequently marched from one victory to another. Neither the corps of Victor nor Sebastiani, nor the guard or reserve under Desolles, from Madrid, had formed parts of the armies defeated by us at Vimiera or Corunna, nor had any recollections of our prowess to shake that good opinion of themselves, in which the principal strength of the French armies consists. Though no fears could be entertained for the result, dependent on the brave fellows lying around us, we could not but regret that they were not composed of troops as fine as those who accompanied Sir John Moore. We could not hide from ourselves that our ranks were filled with young soldiers, being principally the second battalions of those English regiments which had embarked at Corunna, and consisting of draughts from the militia that had never seen an enemy. With the exception of the guards, and a few others, there were more knapsacks with the names of militia regiments upon them, than of numbered regular regiments. Indeed, we felt no contrast could be stronger than that of the two armies. The ideas of England have never run wild on military glory. We more soberly consider our army rather as a necessary evil

\* Having occasion to mention this periodical, we take the opportunity of noticing the many valuable papers it has contained, and the general ability with which it is conducted.—Ed. L. G.

than an ornament and boast; and as an appeal to brute force and arms is a proof of barbarism, so ought the general diffusion of the former sentiment in a community to be viewed as conclusive evidence of advance to civilisation and intelligence; and instead of directing the talents, or drawing forth the best blood of a people to be wasted in the field, a well-wisher to his country ought to desire them to be retained at home for the general advantage. But, however secure in ourselves, we recollected that we formed but one-third of the allied army, and that 30,000 men lay in the same line, every action of whom had led us to consider them as more likely to occasion some common reverse than a happy termination to our operations. We were convinced that if attacked, even in their strong and almost impregnable position, it was most likely to be attended by their immediate flight, which would leave the whole of the enemy to direct his efforts upon us single-handed. In addition, a certain degree of coolness had grown up between the two commanders; and Sir Arthur must have felt that the weakness of his ally by his side was not less to be dreaded than the strength of his enemy in his front. The prospect on the eve of the 28th July, 1809, was thus, though far from hopeless, by no means one of encouragement or sanguine expectation."

It is very gratifying to find high rank thus adorned by literary tastes and talents; and it gives us great pleasure to account for the general esteem in which the noble Earl is held, by attributing it, in a considerable degree, to his love of literature, which exalts the peer as well as the peasant.

Of Captain Cooke's Memoirs we are not able to speak so favourably. There is in them a good deal to interest the reader; and the tales of hundreds of imminent 'scapes and dreadful deaths are related, to give point to the account of the marches, battles, and sieges. But we are not sure that many readers will like the recital of bare horrors, which are not managed with that skill so necessary to render such matters tolerable, far less effective. Other parts are puerile, and hardly worthy of being published. The Memoir is called "personal;" and it is so truly personal, that it is not likely to interest generally. We will offer a few of the best quotations we can, to exhibit the *matériel*. Previous to the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo—

"The sun blazed forth as usual (for not a drop of rain had fallen since I had put my foot into the country), and biscuit and rum were served out to refresh the exhausted soldiers; a humble refectory which no one would think of grudging to those who had been under arms for ten hours, under a burning sun, and crowning the highest hills without a bush to shelter them, or a drop of water to refresh their parched lips. With my rum in one hand, making a shallow appearance at the bottom of a soldier's tin, and my mouldy biscuit in the other, I beheld an officer approach me, in the act of drawing from his bosom an old ragged black silk neck-handkerchief worn out in the service, and now converted into a pocket-handkerchief. He fumbled it over for a whole corner to apply his nose to; and during this operation, his eyes were fixed on my tin. After a variety of hems, coughings, and such-like indirections, he took courage to beg that I would permit him to dip his dry biscuit into my shallow allowance of rum, to moisten his lips: his request being granted, and thanks returned for the given relief, he told me that, in the hurry to grasp his share,

he had unfortunately upset it on the ground, and had the additional mortification to see it dry up in an instant. We were spread out rank entire within sight of the garrison, for the governor to suppose our force stronger than it really was, so that he might inform the Duke of Ragusa, and oblige him to bring up and deploy his whole army, for the protection of his intended convoy. Late in the evening we reached our cantonments in good spirits, though well tired, but not so much so as to prevent my making a good meal. Turning into a small recess, and getting into bed for the first time for weeks, after some hours I awoke rather feverish, went to the door in my shirt to cool myself, and found the air so refreshing that I continued stationary for a considerable time, certainly much longer than my prudence ought to have dictated; however, I did not feel any ill effects from it at the time. On the day following, our paymaster was encircled by a group of officers, who were listening to his odd remarks relative to warfare. He declared that he hated *bullets* and *swords*, but with fists he flattered himself he was able to cope with, and would not turn his back on any man. 'Oh!' said he, 'how I should like to see a fine boiled leg of pork, and a pease pudding, smoking before me; why the very thought makes me ravenous, and I could eat any thing, from a guat to an elephant; yes, sir, I could eat an elephant stuffed with militia-men!' Then with both hands, pulling his cheeks, his breeches, and his waistcoat, for in quarters he actually wore the identical dress he had joined the regiment in,—'Look at these,' said he; 'why they fitted me as tight as a drum before I came to this cursed country; and look at them now! Well, only let me get my wife on my knee by my comfortable fire-side once more, and, if ever I leave old England again, may I be —!' and as my poor brother died, I wish he had taken his departure before he ever persuaded me to enter the army!"

Turning over the pages, we only ask how any officer and gentleman could print the trash at p. 110? If tried by a court martial or court literary for it, he must be found guilty, and condemned. At the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo—

"The moment the wooden magazine blew up, all firing nearly ceased; for the enemy literally jumped over the right entrenchment on to the *terre-plein* of the great breach, to save themselves from the bayonets of the light division. A young Italian officer there seized Captain Hopkins, of the 43d, round the neck, and implored his life. At about eleven o'clock in the morning (of the 20th) the great explosion took place a few yards to the right of the *small breach*, blowing up the *terre-plein* of the rampart, four yards in breadth and ten in length. This fatal explosion (which was accidental, owing to some sparks of fire igniting some barrels of gunpowder in a casement,) happened while the French garrison were marching out of the city by the *small breach*, which had become so hard, owing to such numbers of soldiers walking up and down it, as to make the ascent nearly impracticable. The French, as well as the British soldiers, were carried up into the air, or jammed amongst the rubbish, some with heads, arms, or legs sticking out of the earth. I saw one of the unfortunate soldiers in a blanket, with his *face, head, and body*, as black as a coal, and cased in a black substance like a shell; his features were no longer distinguishable, and all the hair was singed from off his head, but still the unfortunate man was alive. How long he lived in

this horrible situation I cannot say. A tall athletic soldier of the 52d lay amongst the dead at the foot of the breach, on his back, his arms and legs being at their full extent. The top of his head, from the forehead to the back part of his skull, was split in twain, and the cavity of the head entirely emptied of the brains, as if a hand-grenade had exploded within, and expanded the skull, till it had forced it into a separation with the parts ragged like a saw, leaving a gaping aperture nine inches in length and four in breadth. For a considerable time I looked on this horrible fracture, to define, if possible, by what missile or instrument so wonderful a wound could have been inflicted, but without being able to come to any conclusion as to the probable cause. From this place I walked to the convent of Saint Francisco to see a wounded friend. The interior was crowded with wounded soldiers lying on the hard pavement. A soldier of the third division was sitting against a pillar, his head bent forward, and his chin resting on his breast, his eyes open, and an agreeable smile on his countenance. For half a minute I stopped with surprise to observe him sitting in so contented a posture, surrounded by the groans of his companions. At length I addressed him, but, no answer being returned, I called a doctor, under the impression that the man was delirious. On the contrary, we found he was quite dead.

"The whole of the dead French soldiers lying in the valley were stripped, and in a perfect state of preservation, blanched like parchment by the alternate rain and sunshine; and their skins had become so hard that the bodies on being touched sounded like a drum. The vultures had picked the bones of the horses perfectly clean, but had left the soldiers untouched; and, although four months had elapsed since they had fallen, their features were as perfect as on the day they were killed. Some of these soldiers were gracefully proportioned, and extended in every possible attitude."

At p. 187 the Duke of Ragusa is mentioned among those who fell at Salamanca—evidently a mistake. On the after-march, we are told:—

"Early on the morning of the 24th of July we passed Pena-Aranda, from whence the inhabitants sallied out, loaded with bread, wine, and liquors, and rent the air with their acclamations in praise of the glorious victory that we had won over the French; and even the little boys straddled out their legs and bent forward their heads in derision of the enemy's soldiers, to represent to us to what a state of distress and exhaustion they were reduced. As we passed onwards, numerous objects of commiseration, lying by the side of the road, reminded us of the miseries of war in all its horrors: many of the French soldiers lay dead, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which had so blistered their faces, and swelled their bodies, that they scarcely represented human forms, and looked more like some huge and horrible monsters, of gigantic dimensions, than any thing else. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of such spectacles, or of the sensations they must have endured during their last agonies. These, now inanimate, objects had marched over sandy plains, without a tree to shelter them, while suffering from fatigue, sore feet, and want of water; then crowding into the battle, covered with dust, and under a scorching sun, they had received severe wounds, and were finally dragged, or carried on rudely-constructed bearers, from the scene of action, during excruciating torture, and ultimately left to perish by the side of the roads, or on stubble



land, with their parched tongues cleaving to the roof of their mouths, and, to complete their miseries, before breathing their last sigh, to behold, with glazed and half-closed eyes, the uplifted hand of the Spanish assassin, armed with a knife, to put an end to their existence. These dreadful fates awaited the defeated French soldiers in Spain; it was impossible to gaze on the mutilated bodies of these our enemies without feelings of deep commiseration for our fellow-creatures, who, a day or two previously, had been alive like ourselves, and perhaps the admiration of their comrades."

Such are fair specimens of Captain Cooke's narrative, which is possibly an accurate detail of actual warfare; but to us the particulars are particularly repulsive, and we dislike reading the statements almost as much as we should have abhorred seeing the realities.

Lieut. Moodie's Campaign in Holland is a fair account of that sanguinary struggle.

*The Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. XXIII. The History of France, Vol. III.* By Evans Eyre Crowe. London, 1831. Longman and Co.; Taylor.

Two most interesting, and yet opposed, periods are embraced in this volume—anarchy and despotism. The crime and weakness inherent in human nature were in both epochs strikingly developed: the first was divided between fear and fury; and man never more truly shewed what he could be, when released from all that softens, awes, or restrains. Life might well be held of little value, when it had lost all that could exalt or redeem it. Cruelties the most ferocious have constantly disgraced the annals of humanity; but it remained for the last century to go back upon civilisation, and make of bloodshed one of those terrible and recurring excitements which harden into habits. The only conclusion to be drawn from such scenes, is, that we cannot be sufficiently thankful for the laws, ties legal and moral, the authorities whether of law or custom, that, heaped about us, thereby keep down the incarnate devil of uncurbed and excited man. The second period was that of power and ostentation. Napoleon at once judiciously appealed to the terrors of the past and the glories of the present: his throne at its first erection had two most powerful supports—vanity and repose. As is usual after all violent popular commotions, people rather ask security than independence, and are well content to exchange their more abstract liberties for those which are daily and personal. One great authority brought with it, for the time, order and rest. Then, the emperor's military successes were a safety-valve for that enthusiasm, which, having exhausted the themes of freedom and a republic, was ready to return to those national stimulants, those most characteristic rhymes of the French tongue—*gloire et victoire*. Such are the subjects that make the present volume the most interesting of Mr. Crowe's history. We shall first allude to its faults, and then try to do justice to its much more numerous merits. Our author has too great a tendency to metaphors, which, unless peculiarly short and clear—which his are not—rather tend to embarrass than enlighten the generality of readers: moreover, he is not usually happy in his imagery; and his similes too often come under Canning's ridicule—they are "similes of dissimilitude." Mr. Crowe's great want as an historian is dramatic power; he brings none of his scenes vividly before the reader; he invests none of his characters with the reality of life; in short, he is deficient in what Hume possessed to such perfection—inter-

rest. Still, it is debatable ground, whether this want is not compensated by the mental analysis, the thought, and the moral developments, in which his pages abound. We shall now proceed to our extracts.

*Members of the Convention.*—"The members elected by the city of Paris, says Thiers, 'consisting of some tradesmen, a butcher, an actor, an engraver, a painter, a lawyer, two or three journalists, and a fallen prince, did not ill represent the confusion and variety of personages that figured in this great capital.'"

We give a scene from the convention itself, at full length, as most characteristic of the time.

"Lasource, a Protestant clergyman, and member of the moderate party, attended the Jacobin meeting, and heard these denunciations, in which the majority of the convention were represented as seeking to excite the departments against the capital, and to check the progress of liberty. He made an instant remark thereon to his neighbour Merlin, observing, that those agitators aspired to establish a dictatorship in their own favour. Merlin of Thionville, having been a *huissier*, or bailiff, of that town, was a bold, uncompromising Jacobin, a very Ajax, as the revolutionists called him in their tongue. He stood up on the following day in the convention, and challenged Lasource to state openly and prove his accusation. Lasource did not shrink from avowing his opinion. He dreaded, he said, the despotism of the capital and its agitators; he feared to see Paris become, what Rome was in the empire, the tyrant of the world, while itself was the slave of sedition. Osselin rose, and treated the fears of Lasource as chimerical—"The idea is absurd: that any one here should aspire to the dictatorship is impossible." 'Tis not, 'tis not impossible!' exclaimed Rebecqui, deputy for Marseilles. 'I assert that there does exist a party in this assembly which aspires to establish the dictatorship: and the chief of this party—I will name him—is Robespierre!' Amidst the tumult caused by this denunciation, Danton obtained possession of the tribune, and endeavoured to prevent these dissensions from going further. To avert the attack from Robespierre, he spoke of himself, 'who had served the cause of liberty with all the energy of his temperament;' and of Marat, with whom, indeed, he affected not to be on terms of friendship; but whose violence he represented as excusable, since his long concealment from vexation and arrest, in caverns and subterraneous hiding-places, had soured and corrupted his temper. To counterbalance the accusation brought against the Mountain, Danton insinuated that there was another party in the assembly, whose object was to partition France into as many republics as provinces, and thus to destroy the unity of the country. This was aimed at the Gironde. Danton proposed to decree the pain of death against whosoever should entertain either of these projects, whether the dictatorship or federalism. The accusation, thus adroitly parried by Danton, might have been set at rest, had not Robespierre thought proper to undertake his own defence. He enumerated the acts of his past life with a cold arrogance, and in a speech so tedious and dull, that even his own friends called out to him, in impatience, to have done with his *kyriele*. As Marat was alluded to in the debate, he, too, thought it necessary to enter upon his exculpation. His appearance at the tribune excited such an acclamation of disgust, that to make himself heard was impossible. But the accusations

against him were redoubled. Cambon produced a kind of placard, signed Marat, in which a dictatorship, or despotic triumvirate, is called for as the only means of public safety. It became necessary to hear the monster's defence. Taking a cap from his head, such as is worn by the people, Marat placed it on the tribune, and facing the general outcry, with distorted and nervous smile, he began:—"I have a great many personal enemies in this assembly." 'All of us! all of us!' was the clamorous interruption and reply of the greater part of the members. Marat undauntedly continued—"I have many personal enemies in this assembly; I recall them to a sense of shame; I exhort them to cease their furibund clamours. The members for the city of Paris are accused of aspiring to the triumvirate, or the dictatorship. It is merely because I am one of them that this accusation is made. I owe it to Danton and to Robespierre to declare, that they have always opposed the project of a dictatorship, which I have never ceased to recommend in my writings. I have a lance to break with them on that point. I am myself the first and the only writer in France who has proposed and supported the dictatorship, as the sole means of crushing traitors and conspirators. I am alone to blame or to be condemned for this. But first hear me. Amidst the machinations of a perfidious king, an abominable court, and of false patriots, who sold the cause of liberty in two successive assemblies, can you reproach me with having imagined the only means of public safety, with having invoked the hatchet of popular vengeance on the guilty heads? No, you dare not. The people would disavow you—the people, who, at length, in order to escape from tyrants and traitors, felt the necessity of turning dictator itself. Believe me, I shuddered as much as any of you at these terrible insurrections; and it was to obviate the necessity of their recurrence, that I wished to see the popular force guided by one firm hand. Had this been understood at the taking of the Bastille, five hundred heads would have fallen, and tranquillity would have been secured. But no; events were left to themselves, and vengeance abandoned to the people. And what has been the consequence? A hundred thousand patriots have been slaughtered, and a hundred thousand more are menaced with a similar fate. At any rate, to prove to you that the dictator, or the triumvir, which I recommended, was not to answer to the vulgar idea of a tyrant, my proposal was, that his authority should last but for a few days; that his only office should be to condemn traitors; and that this dread magistrate himself should have always a cannon-ball attached to his leg, in order that he might continue under the hand of the people. Such was the dream of my patriotism; and if your intellects have not elevation enough to comprehend it, so much the worse for you.' Whilst some were disgusted with the arrogance and blood-thirstiness of this speech, and others amused even to laughter by its impertinence, the too flexible majority were struck by the ferocious energy of Marat's character and views. The new deputies of the Plain, who had hitherto looked with abhorrence on the monster, here submitted to listen and learned to tolerate him. Vergniaud, the famous orator of the Gironde, rose immediately, in order to counteract the favour excited towards Marat. His first expressions of abhorrence against the man of blood were interrupted by murmurs. Vergniaud then read the famous circular, in which the massacres of September were avowed, and held up to the imitation of the provinces,

Boileau succeeded him at the tribune, and commenced reading an address to the people, signed Marat, and published that very morning. Its tenour was as follows:—"One reflection oppresses me; it is, that all my efforts to serve the people must fail without a new insurrection. Seeing the temper of the majority of the national convention, I despair of the public safety. Fifty years of anarchy are before us; and the only way of avoiding them is by appointing a dictator, a true patriot and statesman. O babbling people, did you but know how to act!"

An indescribable tumult took place on the perusal of this pithy address. "To prison with the wretch; to the guillotine!" was the general cry. The accusation of Marat was proposed. He again demanded to be heard, and once more took possession of the tribune with increased confidence and effrontery. "As to that writing which the member has denounced, I am far from disavowing it. A falsehood has never passed my lips, and fear is a stranger to my heart." Nevertheless Marat proceeded to state, that the address just produced was written a week back, and suppressed, but republished that morning against his knowledge by his printer. This was a manifest falsehood; for a week past the convention did not exist, nor could there then have been a motive or an object of insurrection; but the excuse appeased the placable assembly; and Marat, reading them a more moderate article from a new journal which he had just commenced, was hearkened to in silence, and even without applause. Having produced this effect, he proceeded, certainly with the perfection of all impudence, to lecture them on the baleful effects of passion: "Had I not written a moderate paragraph this morning, you would have delivered me over to the sword of justice. But no, I had still a mode of escape from persecution. With this," said he, drawing forth a pistol, and putting it to his forehead, "I would have blown out my brains at this tribune. Such was to have been the reward of three years' sufferings, imprisonments, wakings and watchings, fears and labours, privations and dangers. As it is, however, I shall remain amongst you, and brave your fury."

Just remark on the fate of Louis XVI.

"What was to be his ultimate fate? It became urgent to decide. Petitions had been already presented, one especially from Auxerre, demanding not only his trial, but condemnation to death. Many of the French, under the influence of political rabies, deemed the revolution incomplete till it had displayed the scene of a monarch's execution. England had done as much. Should history tell that she had surpassed France in audacity? It was far less the supposed guilt of Louis than the effect to be produced by his death, that urged the fanatic revolutionists to demand it. National vanity sought to astonish Europe and to frighten its kings, overlooking the crime of sacrificing the innocent. Another feeling, stronger than vanity, worked towards the hapless monarch's destruction. This was the necessity all persons and parties felt to rival each other in zeal, and to outbid each other for popularity: that dread of the opinion of one's fellows, that of being thought lukewarm, of being left behind in the course of those sentiments which were the mode—a characteristic peculiarly strong in the French, and still most visible and most fatally operating amongst them—armed every tongue with an anathema against the king. It was not so much hatred, either personal or political, that urged his guards to vie in insulting him,—the conven-

tionalists to vie in condemning; it was rather a trick to captivate popularity and power—a trial of who should bear off the palm of revolutionary ferocity; the unfortunate Louis being set up as the mark, against which was discharged every blow of malice, every arrow of calumny. Base as was this motive, it grew daily more base, as it became mingled still more and more with fear; and the whole nation, whilst it invoked the goddess of liberty, was in reality prostrating itself before the demon of terror."

We proceed to an accurate observation illustrated by an inaccurate metaphor.

"It is surprising to observe, that in revolutionary struggles fought parliamentarily by the tongue and pen, in the proper arena of intellect, genius and noble endowments are found universally to succumb; whilst in those fought with the sword, where physical force seems especially intrusted with the award, intellect infallibly obtains the sway, and talent vindicates its claim to superiority. War gave to France Napoleon for a sovereign. Her representative assemblies placed her at the foot of Robespierre. This paradox, that mediocrity bears away the prize in popular and tumultuous revolutions, is partially explained by observing, that the first and front ranks filled by talent are swept away, whilst those in the rear naturally press on to seize the victory that better men have won. The secret of success is to come late: for political characters are ephemeral in time of revolution, short-lived as the opinions which they represent. The chosen talents of a generation start up into sudden ripeness, like the productions of the field, and, like these enjoying the honours of an autumn, are mown down, and give place to another and another, until the exhausted soil can afford but a stunted and pigmy crop. It is then abandoned as a sterile waste, to pursue the metaphor, and at length rise the forest and its lord, the natural and lofty monarchs of a region where signs of culture are no more visible, nor the broad daylight of freedom allowed to penetrate."

Now, a generation has no sort of analogy with a soil: the fertility of the latter comes from one obvious source, and may be exhausted; the talent of the former has many origins, and though it may be worn out in the individual, cannot in the many. The talents of any one generation do not spring up in a night and perish, but are divided into various portions, from the beginning even to the end; and are also so amalgamated with those of a succeeding age, that it is indeed difficult to say where the one begins or the other finishes.

"Robespierre, though no exception to this rule, was still an extraordinary personage. He was the very perfection, the type of triumphant mediocrity. Talents he had none—nor ideas, although by dint of exertion he acquired the semblance of the one, and purloined the others notoriously from all around him. His speeches were written for him; and the debates of the Jacobin clubs, at first philosophical and given to the discussion of principles, supplied him with a political vocabulary at least. Thus his friends, his future enemies being included in that class, lent to this hawk the feathers that impeded his wing, and taught him at length to soar. He was totally without passion, unless vanity deserve the name; but his vanity was wise, and wore all the loftiness of pride. Then he had honesty and consistency, two qualities that cannot be denied him, however he might have adopted them in calculation. From his first vote in the

constituent assembly he had been the rank democrat that he ever was, professing all those extreme opinions to which others tended. His private morals were irreproachable. He held to his condition, lodged to the last with the same humble carpenter's family that at first housed him. Unlike his colleague Danton, no bribe, no peculation, no expense, no licentiousness, considered as such in that day at least, could be laid to his charge. No petty ambition distracted his views, or blemished his character for disinterestedness. He was never minister, nor even commissary. After the fall of the Gironde, when he was all-powerful, he did not become member of the sovereign committee till it pleased the convention and the Jacobins of their own accord to appoint him. With this there was no affectation in his *sans-culottism*. He neither shaved his head, nor wore tattered garments, nor mounted the red night-cap. Robespierre alone wore powder, and preserved the dress and demeanour of respectability. Political courage he certainly did not want, though physically he was, with Marat, the most ardent of cowards. Ruthless as a tiger, at first reckless, then greedy of blood;—such was the tyrant of the day."

We reserve a few extracts for another No.

*Liberia; or, the Early History and signal Preservation of the American Colony of Free Negroes on the Coast of Africa.* By W. Innes. 12mo. pp. 152. Edinburgh, 1831. Waugh and Innes.

"*LIBERIA*," says the Preface, "is the name given to a colony of free negroes, who have lately been transported from America to the coast of Africa. This colony seems little known, except by name, in this country; but as it appears destined to hold a distinguished place in promoting the civilisation and improvement of Africa, a short account of its early history cannot, I think, fail to be read with interest."

We are sorry to say, that the first part of the last period is true; but we beg to add, it is not our fault that so interesting a colony should be little known to the public. One of the few schemes we have projected for its edification, it may be remembered by some with regret as it is by us with sorrow, was a *Foreign Literary Gazette*, of which thirteen weekly Numbers appeared in the first three months of last year. It was the object of that publication to supply every kind of foreign intelligence to the same extent as this Journal endeavours to fill the office with regard to home literature, arts, and sciences; but it did not succeed to the extent of our hopes; and we have only now the remembrance of an experiment of great cost, upon which we can look back with complacency as having justly merited a better fate. Indeed, this Quarterly Part of the *F. L. G.* is curious for the variety and value of the matters which were contributed to it, even within the short period of its existence, from many distant quarters, and, among the rest, for a very complete epitome of the history of Liberia. As this paper was comparatively little read, we shall copy nearly the whole of it, *pro vice* of the next little volume before us, the substance of which it contains.

"The settlement of Monrovia (forming part of the district of Liberia), on the banks of the river Montserado, and two miles distant from the cape of the same name, was purchased and first colonised in the month of December 1821, at which time it was so covered with wood as to be almost impenetrable. In a small island near the mouth of the river, the settlers found



several hundred negro slaves, belonging to a man of the same colour, to whom they had been given by an English factor on his departure for Europe. Many of these slaves, not being natives of the coast, were looked upon with a jealous eye by their neighbours, the Dey's, the Queahs, and the Gurrabs.

The American emigrants who were at Sierra Leone were transported to Monterado, and disembarked on another small island, called Perseverance, situate near the mouth of the Monterado, which had been purchased of John S. Mill, the son of an English merchant, but born in Africa. The natives, not being friendly towards Mill, quickly determined to expel the intruders; and their chiefs, under pretence of entering into an arrangement, invited him to a meeting, whither he went, and was made prisoner. In consequence of an arrangement entered into by Dr. Ayres, the agent of the settlers, in which he agreed to take back the goods which had been given the chiefs in exchange for their territory, Mill was set at liberty; but the doctor eluded the order for their quitting the country, under pretence of not having a vessel. Fortunately for the settlers, the King George who resided at the Cape, and who held a kind of jurisdiction over the northern part of the peninsula of Monterado, secretly allowed them to pass the river, and establish themselves in the forest. For this piece of service he received six gallons of rum, and tobacco and cloth to a like amount. In the course of a few weeks, the settlers had cut down the trees, and built twenty-two cabins; but in the midst of their labours an unlooked-for event brought on them the hostility of the natives. An English cruiser, on her way to Sierra Leone, was wrecked near Perseverance Island; and as the natives consider all vessels shipwrecked on the coast to be theirs by right, the King George sent down a party of his people to take possession of her. The crew, however, assisted by the colonists, forced the assailants to retire with loss, but not without themselves experiencing a sad disaster; for in discharging a piece of artillery, a spark communicated to the roof of the store-house—and, with the exception of the powder magazine, every thing was destroyed. The loss was estimated at 3,000 dollars.

By the mediation of Boatswain, King of the Condoes, peace was restored, presents were exchanged, and on the 28th of April the colonists resumed their labour, at the cape; but the houses were not finished—the provisions nearly exhausted—the rainy season had commenced—and sickness began to prevail. Under these disastrous circumstances, many of them returned to Sierra Leone; though part decided upon remaining at Monterado. At this time there were only one and twenty capable of bearing arms, with four Africans and a few women and children. In the month of July the island was abandoned, and the colonists established themselves in the peninsula, where they erected a magazine, and a house for the two agents. The latter returned to the United States, leaving the establishment under the care of one of the emigrants; but their provisions were completely exhausted, and, on account of the renewed hostility of the natives after the departure of Boatswain, they were unable to procure any from the neighbouring country, or to cultivate the soil. On the 8th of August another expedition, under the command of Mr. G. Ashmun, consisting of fifty-three emigrants, and thirty-seven Africans who had been taken from a slave-vessel, arrived at Cape Monterado; but,

owing to the difficulties they had to encounter, a month elapsed ere they were landed.

The first act of the new agent was to endeavour to establish an alliance with the neighbouring chiefs, by proposing to instruct their subjects in the useful arts; but they rejected the offer, and evinced hostile intentions. The agent was therefore obliged to organise the means of defence. There were no more than twenty-seven Americans capable of bearing arms, and their only weapons were forty muskets, the greater part of them out of condition, and six pieces of cannon, four of which were not mounted. These, however, were repaired and placed on the heights, and thirteen young Africans were instructed in the use of fire-arms. The little city was encompassed by trees, and every precaution was taken to prevent surprise; but the unfortunate colonists, obliged to work in continued heavy rains, and to mount guard during the night, were attacked by fever. Only two remained in condition to do duty; the agent himself fell ill; his wife expired on the 15th of September, and shortly afterwards, two of the emigrants. In the beginning of October the neighbouring chiefs assembled to deliberate upon attacking the colony. Two of these chiefs were of opinion that the settlers ought to be treated as friends, and remain unmolested; but the majority, in the hope of finding a rich booty, and aware that the colonists were much reduced by sickness, resolved upon the assault. In the end of October the whole of the hostile tribes assembled under arms in the island of Bushrod, distant about four miles from the establishment; and in the night of the 10th of November they encamped on the peninsula, within half a mile of the settlement, to the number of 900 men. At break of day they commenced their attack with a front of thirty men, and at a distance of forty-five paces threw in their fire, and then rushed on the colonists with their darts—killed several of them—obtained possession of the cannon, and threw the reserve in disorder; but the colonists having rallied, succeeded in bringing a nine-pounder to bear on a mass of about 800, which killed or wounded many of them, and compelled them to retire in their turn, carrying their dead and wounded with them. The force of the colonists was but thirty-five persons, of whom the half only took part in the engagement; and fifteen were either killed or wounded. The enemy carried off five families: one woman, the wife of a settler, had received thirteen wounds; another, who had been wounded in the head by a sabre-blow, lost her two children; and a third, the mother of five children, who had barricaded the door of the house, and armed herself with a hatchet, fled only when she beheld her youngest child stabbed to the heart;—ultimately escaping by a window, she passed between both fires, without being wounded. In order to resist any fresh attack, the lines were surrounded by a palisade, which was finished on the 17th; but there were only provisions for fifteen days—nor could any be procured in the country; and in case of a brisk attack, the ammunition would not hold out more than an hour; and another misfortune was, the captivity of seven children. On the 22d of November a messenger was sent to the assembled chiefs to assure them that the intentions of the Americans were friendly; but, though they were desirous of peace, they were well prepared for war. The chiefs replied, that the Americans having only purchased the lower part of the

island of Bushrod, had unjustly seized on the cape; that their people on visiting the settlement, had been ill used; and that the agents had not kept their promise of giving instruction. Nevertheless, if the colonists would repair these injuries, they would consent to peace; but, at the same time, they endeavoured to collect together the warriors of the coast, as well as of the interior. On the 25th and 29th, two ships having touched at the cape, supplied provisions. The captain of one of them knowing some of the hostile chiefs, endeavoured to make peace, but in vain. The Gurrabs and the Condoes had furnished a reinforcement; and the warriors of the coast thinking to capture the property of the settlers, had determined to renew the war. On the 30th November they began the attack in two opposite directions; but notwithstanding their furious onset, and returning to the charge four different times, they were repulsed on all sides. The enemy was in much greater force than in the action of the 11th, but their loss was less considerable. Their guns, which were of large dimensions, were loaded with pieces of iron and brass. All the chiefs on the coast have cannon; but as it takes them full half an hour to load them, they imagine that it is only by witchcraft that the Americans are able to discharge their guns five or six times a minute. Three of the settlers were wounded—one mortally; and the only instruments they possessed for dressing the wounds, were an old pen-knife, a razor, and a pruning-wire.

The English ship, *Prince Regent*, being off the coast, learnt from a Krooman the situation of the colony. There were on board this vessel Captain Laing, of the Royal African light-infantry, and the crew of a ship which had been captured by Lieutenant Gordon. The officers visited the agent of the colony; and, by appearing neutral, endeavoured to divine the intentions of the enemy. The humiliated chiefs granted them an interview, and signed a treaty, consenting to a suspension of arms for an indefinite period, and engaging to submit their disputes to the Governor of Sierra Leone.

By this intervention the colony became invincible against the whole combined force of the enemy; but Lieutenant Gordon, and eight of the eleven sailors who had offered themselves as hostages for the treaty, were seized with illness, and fell victims to their generous interference four months after the vessel left the coast. On the 8th of December another vessel arrived, whose crew assisted the colonists in fortifying the settlement. On the 12th of March the captive children were restored to their friends; but they had become so much attached to the old women to whose care they had been confided, that their parents were absolutely obliged to tear them from their arms, amidst the strongest expressions of mutual attachment.

The provisions of the colony were again nearly exhausted, when the *Cyane*, of the United States navy, arrived at Monterado on the 31st March. This vessel supplied their wants; but 40 of its crew also fell victims to their exertions soon after their return home, in consequence of illness incurred at the cape. Soon after, another vessel arrived, bringing 66 emigrants, a surgeon, and plenty of provisions for the colony.

In June 1827, the American ship *Shark*, under the command of Lieutenant Norris, arrived to inspect the colony. This officer used every endeavour to repress the slave-trade, and establish a good understanding between the natives and the settlers.

In his report he represents the colony as being in a most flourishing condition; the settlers in good health, satisfied, and living in good harmony with the natives.

On the 11th April, the *Doris*, from Virginia, arrived with 93 emigrants, who were established at Caldwell, on the Saint Paul. In the month of August, the *Norfolk* arrived, bringing 142 negroes, taken from slave-traders, who were dispersed amongst the colonists. At this time the population of the colony, comprising these emigrants, amounted to 1200 individuals, of which number 533 arrived in 1827.

In January 1828, three vessels arrived, having on board 209 passengers and 88 negroes, who had been enfranchised by their masters. During the passage, only one elderly person died; but soon after their arrival, 24 dropped off by disease.\*

In later accounts, in addition to the foregoing, we are told, that "the soil and climate have been found well adapted to the production of Indian corn, millet, rice, cotton, sugar, and coffee, and of sustaining a population of many thousands. The commerce of the colony is considerable, and rapidly increasing, as well with the interior as with the United States and foreign countries. The exports are not less than 50,000 dollars per annum; and those engaged in commercial pursuits are enterprising, judicious, and successful in their adventures. Some of the colonists have acquired considerable fortunes by their care and industry. Most of them are independent. All can do well who devote their labour and skill steadily to any regular avocation; while common labourers receive on an average ninety cents per day, and tradesmen two dollars."

And again:—

"The country embraces large tracts of fertile land, capable of yielding all the rich and varied products of the tropics; possessing great commercial advantages, with an extent of seacoast from 150 to 200 miles, and enjoying a climate well adapted to the negro constitution, and not more fatal to that of the whites than many thickly peopled parts of the United States.

"There is at this time a Baptist and a Methodist society, each of which has a preacher. The Missionary Society of Basle, Switzerland, have five missionaries in the colony. The Society for Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States are preparing to establish a mission there.

"It appears also that they have a periodical publication, entitled the *Herald of Liberia*, which shews, by the way, the very rapid advances they have made in civilisation. 'From the marine list (it is said) in the Nos. of the *Herald*, you will perceive that our port has been visited more frequently during these rains than common; and at one time we had five square-rigged vessels in the harbour—three English, one French, one American.'"

"The latest information I have received respecting this interesting colony," says Mr. I. quoting some letters, "is contained in an American newspaper, which has been kindly

handed to me since these sheets went to press, by a friend who has recently come from the United States. The article is entitled 'Liberia,' and is as follows:—'By the return of the ship *Carolinian*, the brig *Volador*, and the schooner *Zembuca*, from Liberia, despatches have been received from the colony up to the 1st of February. The colonial agent writes, that on his return to Africa, he found affairs in the colony in a more prosperous condition than he had ventured to anticipate; that more than twenty-five substantial stone or frame buildings had been erected at Monrovia during his absence, and that others were in progress; that the spirit of improvement seems to have pervaded all classes; the agriculture is receiving more attention, and that the settlers generally seem resolved to develop the resources of the country. Two of the colonists, Messrs. Francis Taylor and Frederick James, were about to depart on an exploring expedition into the interior, and would probably be absent six or eight months. Another of the native chiefs had placed himself and his people under the protection of the colony, and two other chiefs were seeking the same benefit, and ready to submit to the laws of the colony. They deem it a great privilege to be allowed to call themselves Americans. Measures have been taken to establish schools in all the settlements, and the colonists appear ready and desirous of contributing to their support. Great harmony and peace appear to prevail among the settlers, and a determination to fulfil, by their industry, enterprise, and public spirit, the hopes and expectation of their friends in this country.'"

We shall conclude with some general remarks, translated from the Reports of the French Geographical Society, which will bring the whole of this subject at once within the view of our readers.

"The establishment of a colony at Cape Palmas, which is the key of the whole southern coast of Africa, and the surrounding country, which extends eastward to the entrance of Biafra, would, in a few years, become an important depot for foreign produce, by trading with the nations who inhabit it towards the east. From Cape Palmas, or to the north of it, it is easy to return to Cape Verd, and from thence to the United States, in all seasons; but on the south the passage is extremely dangerous. An establishment at this cape would become, as at Monrovia, a market for the neighbouring nations; and merchants would infinitely prefer it to any position more eastward, even with the chance of making greater profits. Besides the commercial advantages of Cape Palmas, its road offers the safest anchorage between Montserado and Voltu. The country about it is hilly, fertile, and intersected with numerous streams, on which mills might be advantageously established. The point at the southern extremity of the south-west coast will form a natural barrier to the empire which we hope to see organised in Africa.

"Another advantageous position is the island of Bulama, seventeen miles long and nine broad. It rises gradually from the shore, forming a considerable height in the centre. Its road is one of the best on the African coast, and the height of the tides offers every facility for the erection of mills. The fogs are less dense than on the low lands, and the rains do not continue so long as at Montserado.

"In 1793 this island was taken possession of by a company of English merchants; but in consequence of the diseases brought on by their own imprudence, they were forced to abandon it; since which period it has remained unoc-

cupied. It is situated at the mouth of the Rio Grande, whose flood, crossing the richest and most fertile part of Africa, waters the country visited and described by Mungo Park. Its source is distant but a few days' journey from that of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Saint Paul; and it is now ascertained that the source of the mysterious river of Africa is within a short distance of Rio Grande. Vessels coming from America, after having touched at Cape Verd and Cape Roxo, sail for Liberia. The voyage from the United States to the African colonies would become shorter and less dangerous by an establishment at Bulama; and the climate, analogous to that of the United States, would be much more favourable for those who migrate from the country north of the Potomac.

"Between Bulama and Liberia is the colony of Sierra Leone, which the English cannot retain without a great sacrifice of human life, and which will necessarily be united with the establishments when they become more extended. Once settled on the waters of the Rio Grande, the society would be in possession of those of the Senegal and the Gambia; the tribes who dwell near the sources of the Niger would trade with them; and if the course of the river Saint Paul be such as is presumed, an easy communication will be opened between the interior and their capital. Thus their boundary would include the sources of the Gambia, of Rio Grande, Nunes, Pongos, Sierra-Leone, Cape Mount, Liberia, and the Kroo nation."

*The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas and New-Year's Gift, or Birthday Present.* 1832. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London, Westley and Davis.

It has frequently been our agreeable task to state our very high estimation of Mrs. Hall's talent as a writer or editor for the young. Far from meaning to depreciate her powers as a most amusing and characteristic delineator of Irish manners, for the entertainment of the general public, we have always been particularly struck by the skill and the right feeling with which her appeals to the juvenile world have been treated. Sound sense, an acquaintance with the habits and ways of thinking of children, and, above all, a good heart, are essential to this difficult species of composition; and all these Mrs. Hall evidently possesses in an eminent degree. Without them, no watchfulness can guard even the experienced author from falling into lapses injurious to the intended moral effect, and probably opposite to the intended instruction. As natural kindness makes the true well-bred gentleman or lady, so does natural goodness make the only true and valuable writer for youth. It depends on feeling, not on tact—on the heart quite as much as, nay more than on the head.

Thus, the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* of the present year has all the valuable qualities of its predecessors; and we can unreservedly and warmly recommend it to every parent and teacher.

The contents are various, and such as are well calculated to captivate while they instruct. "The Spider," by Dr. Walsh; "The First Paper-maker," by the Rev. C. Williams; and "Anecdotes of Birds," by Mrs. Hall herself, are charming episodes of natural history. "The 'Not' Family," by the editor, is an original and clever apologue, shewing what the "Will Nots," the "Can Nots," and others of the generation of Nots do, and do not. "Frank Finlay," an American tale, by Miss Leslie, is excellent and characteristic; and

\* In the slave-holding states of America, Mr. Innes tells us, "a slave-holder is prevented by law from emancipating a slave, however much he may be disposed to do so, unless he at the same time send him out of the country. The reason is, that in many cases the free negroes are a great annoyance to the community, often living by pilfering the property of their neighbours. This circumstance has proved so far favourable to the Colonisation Society, as it has been found that several persons have been willing to emancipate some of their negroes, if the Society will take upon them the expense of transporting them to Africa."



"Mabel Dacre's First Lessons," by L. E. L., a lesson to charm both old and young. The same delightful writer, as if to prove her power over every department, has illustrated two plates of common subjects, by lines of uncommon sweetness. We pass "the Dead Robin," and quote "the Evening Prayer," (a girl praying), as very touching and poetical.

"Alone, alone!—no other face  
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;  
And yet they say my mother's eyes—  
They say my father's brow is mine:  
And either had rejoiced to see  
The other's likeness in my face;  
But now it is a stranger's eye  
That finds some long-forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,  
His home and tomb alike the wave;  
And I was early taught to weep  
Beside my youthful mother's grave.  
I wish I could recall one look—  
But only one familiar tone:  
If I had aught of memory,  
I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave,  
In search of love I cannot find,  
Till I could fancy soothing words  
Are whispered by the evening wind.  
I gaze upon the watching stars,  
So clear, so beautiful above,  
Till I could dream they look on me  
With something of an answering love.

My mother, does thy gentle eye  
Look from those distant stars on me?  
Or does the wind at evening bear  
A message to thy child from thee?  
Dost thou pine for me, as I pine  
Again a parent's love to share?  
I often kneel beside thy grave,  
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper bell!—'tis eventide;  
I will not weep, but I will pray—  
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou  
Alone canst be the orphan's stay!  
Earth's meanest flower, Heaven's mightiest star,  
Are equal in their Maker's love,  
And I can say, Thy will be done,  
With eyes that fix their hope above."

"Boysish Threats," by Miss J. Hill; "the Young Gleaner and his Cousin," by Miss Jewsbury, are clever and appropriate prose tales; while Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, and others, sustain the honours of verse. Of these, Mr. Laman Blanchard furnishes us with an excellent example; it is upon the picture of a boy endeavouring to lay salt upon the tail of a bird.

"Gently, gently yet, young stranger!  
Light of heart and light of heel:  
Ere the bird perceives thy danger,  
On it alight steal.  
Silence!—ha! your scheme is failing—  
No: pursue your pretty prey;  
See, your shadow on the paling  
Startles it away.

Hush! your step some note is giving:  
Not a whisper—not a breath!  
Watchful be as aught that's living,  
And be mute as death!  
Glide on, ghost-like, still inclining  
Downwards o'er it; or, as sure  
As the sun is on us shining,  
'Twill escape the lure.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping;  
Nearer yet—how still it seems!  
Sure the winged creature's sleeping,  
Wrapt in forest dreams!  
Golden sights that bird is seeing,  
Nest of green, or mossy bough;  
Not a thought it hath of fleeing—  
Yes, you'll catch it now!

How your eyes begin to twinkle!  
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail;  
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle  
Salt upon its tail.  
Yes, you have it in your tether,  
Never more to skim the skies;  
Lodge the salt on this long feather—  
Ha! it flies, it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes,  
Laughing at our idle lures!  
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes  
Through my heart and yours.  
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,  
How have I been—hapless fault!  
Led like you my hopes to centre  
In a grain of salt!

Time, thy feathers turn to arrows;  
I for salt have used thy sand,  
Wasting it on hopes, like sparrows,  
That elude the hand.  
On what captures I've been counting,  
Stooping here, and creeping there,  
All to see my bright hope mounting  
High into the air!

Half my life I've been pursuing  
Plans I'd often tried before,  
Rhapsodies that end in ruin—  
I, and thousands more.  
This, young sportsman, be your warning—  
Though you've lost some hours to-day,  
Others spend their life's fair morning  
In no wiser way.

What hath been my holiest treasure!  
What were ye unto my eyes,  
Love, and peace, and hope, and pleasure?  
Birds of Paradise!  
Spirits that we think to capture  
By a false and childish scheme,  
Until tears dissolve our rapture—  
Darkness ends our dream.

Thus are objects loved the dearest,  
Distant as a dazzling star;  
And when we appear the nearest,  
Farthest off we are.  
Thus have children of all ages,  
Seeing bliss before them fly,  
Found their hearts but empty cages,  
And their hopes—on high!"

We shall conclude with a few of Mrs. Hall's anecdotes of birds; for, truth to say, though the young sportsman could not, she has caught them finely, and laid salt on all their tails.

"I had once a favourite black hen—'a great beauty,' she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for 'Yarico'—so she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens—little, cowering, timid things at first, but in due time they became fine chubby ones; and old Norna, the hen-wife, said, 'If I could only keep Yarico out of the coop, it would do; but the coop is full of weazels, and, I am sure, of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times; but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again: it's always the way with young hens, miss—they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens.' I have often thought since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear. One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favourite in the poultry-yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico! The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden coop, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard-mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the coop commenced; but before I arrived near the spot I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the coop, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock. Poor Yarico! An impertinent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her children; but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox. The most interesting portion

of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never afterwards ventured to the coop, but formed a strong friendship for the dog, who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend; not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird.

"One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been taught many sentences; thus—'Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!' 'Sally, Poll wants her tea!' but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by 'How do you do, Mr. A.?' She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street-door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of—'Get out, dogs!' with such vehemence and authority, as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight. I have heard of another parrot, too, that was caught up by an eagle. The parrot, in its ignorance, was quite amused at such a unique mode of conveyance, and seeing the old gardener, who had lost most of his hair, at work, exclaimed, 'Bald-pate, I ride—I ride!' 'Yes,' replied the old man, slowly raising himself; 'yes, yes, and you'll pay for it.' The story goes on farther to say, that the gardener, no way offended by the bird's uncourteous mode of address, followed the eagle to the next field, where he alighted with his prey, and there actually rescued the parrot just as the eagle began to strip him of his feathers; by which time, we may presume, the saucy bird had learned that it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride with an eagle. The raven, too, is a bird of humour and sagacity. There was one kept a few years ago at Newhaven—an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashbourn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry when they were fed, and could do it very well, too. One day, the table was being set out for the coach-passengers' dinner; the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room-door being shut, but the window open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was about arriving, and dinner was carried in, behold, the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished! It was a moment of consternation—silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone! But what was the surprise and

amusement to see, through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honours of the table to a numerous company of poultry, which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread. There is a story, and which I believe is fact, of two boys going to take a jackdaw's nest from a hole under the belfry-window in the tower of All Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it, standing within the building, and equally impossible to ascend to that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. 'Five, are there?' replied he: 'then I'll have three.' 'Nay,' exclaimed the other indignantly, 'I run all the danger, and I'll have the three.' 'You shall not,' still maintained the boy in the inside; 'you shall not. Promise me three, or I'll drop you!' 'Drop me, if you please,' replied the little hero; 'but I'll promise you no more than two;' upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet, to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand, and two in the other; and they, finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a stout carter's frock, secured round the neck, which, filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion, 'Now you shall have none!' and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.

"How wonderful is that instinct by which the bird of passage performs its annual migration! But how still more wonderful is it when the bird, after its voyage of thousands of miles has been performed and new lands visited, returns to the precise window or eaves where the summer before it first enjoyed existence! And yet such is unquestionably the fact. Four brothers had watched with indignation the felonious attempts of the sparrow to possess himself of the nest of the house-martin, in which lay its young brood of four unfledged birds. The little fellows considered themselves as champions for the bird who had come over land and sea, and chosen its shelter under their mother's roof. They therefore marshalled themselves with blow-guns, to execute summary vengeance; but their well-meant endeavours brought destruction upon the mud-built domicile they wished to defend. Their artillery loosened the foundations, and down it came, precipitating its four little inmates to the ground. The mother of the children, good Samaritan-like, replaced the little outcasts in their nest, and set it in the open window of an unoccupied chamber. The parent-birds, after the first terror was over, did not appear disconcerted by the change of situation, but hourly fed their young as usual, and testified by their unwearied twitter of pleasure, the satisfaction and confidence they felt. There the young birds were duly fledged, and from that window began their flight, and entered upon life for themselves. The next spring, with the re-

appearance of the martins, came four, who familiarly flew into the chamber, visited all the walls, and expressed their recognition by the most clamorous twitterings of joy. They were, without question, the very birds that had been bred there the preceding year."

Again we recommend the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*.

*The Landscape Annual. The Tourist in Italy.* By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated from Drawings by J. D. Harding. Pp. 287. London, 1832. Jennings and Chaplin.

IN our No. 766, we spoke of the embellishments of this volume in the tone of encomium inspired by their beauty; so that we are now only called upon to express our opinion of its literary merits. That opinion is also very high. We think Mr. Roscoe has acquitted himself most ably; and has brought such vivid images of the history and romance of fair Italy before us, as must add greatly to his reputation as a writer of this class. The accounts of the various places to which the engravings refer are extremely judicious and interesting; the descriptions pleasing, and the anecdotes entertaining. Altogether, the *Tourist in Italy* must be a popular book, whether considered as a specimen of art, or as an example of literary talent. It is not, however, easy to illustrate this judgment by extracts—the whole might be quoted; and we rather select to keep up our system, than with the hope of enabling the public fully to appreciate the work. The following may be new to most of our readers.

"In the dawn of art, about 1285, Cimabue, one of its earliest restorers, in going through the Campagna from Florence to Vespignano, saw a shepherd boy, who, instead of attending to his flock, was busily engaged in tracing figures with a piece of pointed stone upon a rock. He stopped, and, surprised at the skill which the child evinced, asked if he would go home with him and become his pupil. The boy readily assented; and to this circumstance did Italy owe her celebrated Giotto, the father of modern painting, and Dante a friend and so-lace in his exile, whom he has extolled in his immortal poem:

'Crodette Cimabue nella pittura  
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido;  
Sì che la fama di colui oscura.'

Giotto, indeed, not only surpassed his master, but soon filled Italy with the fame of his works. Rome, Naples, Florence, Padua, and Avignon, abounded in the master-pieces of his hand, and in every branch of the art. His reputation induced Pope Benedict IX. to depute one of his courtiers to invite him to decorate St. Peter's; but first he was to obtain some specimens of his skill. By the way, this trusty agent selected other specimens from every artist he could find, intending to compare them with Giotto's, and, arriving at Florence, he walked into the painter's shop, where he explained the Pope's wishes, concluding with a demand to see him make a design. Giotto took his pencil, and using it like a pair of compasses, made a circle perfectly equal with his hand. Then, with a facetious air, he handed it to the courtier, observing: 'See a wonder! this is your design.' 'I must have a different kind of design to this,' returned the courtier coolly. 'Enough, and too much,' retorted the painter; 'put it up with the rest, and you will see the result.' The deputy, declaring that he would report his conduct to his holiness, in a great passion left the place, in the firm belief that Giotto was making a fool of him. He was agreeably surprised, therefore, when some wiser heads at

Rome assured his holiness there was not another artist in Italy who could do the same; and from that time came in use the popular proverb, when wishing to designate a person of the courtier's taste: 'Tu sei più tondo che l'O di Giotto.'—You are more round (thick-headed) than Giotto's great O;—the word 'tondo,' in Tuscany, being expressive both of a circle and of little wit. The poet Dante, in exile at Ravenna, hearing that his distinguished fellow-citizen was then staying at Ferrara, sent to invite him to come and join him; and he painted for the lords of Polenta several frescos in the church of San Francesco. It was here a friendship was formed between these extraordinary men, which served to soothe the grief and bitter feelings of the poet's mind. From Giotto he is said to have acquired that knowledge and skill in matters of art in which he is known to have been no mean proficient, and which may perhaps have given to his poem that vivid and picturesque force which, while striking terror to the soul of the reader, brings the shadowy forms before the eye. While at Florence, in the year 1322, tidings were received by Giotto of the death of his friend the celebrated poet—whose ashes have twice refused to rest in the bosom of his ungrateful country:—

'Even in his ashes live his wonted fires.'

as if his spirit, speaking from the urn, spurned the futile offer of being reconciled to his hated persecutors. Though in the midst of his successful and splendid career, Giotto was much concerned at this event; and some of the next works he executed for the King of Naples—comprehending the Apocalypse, and other histories, at Assisi—he is stated to have owed, from the conversations he had held with him, to the fine invention of Dante, who thus amply repaid him. So highly did the King of Naples estimate Giotto's social qualities, as well as his genius, that he would spend hours with him, while painting in his studio, delighted with his acute remarks. The king one day observing that he was determined to make him the first man in Naples, 'It was for that reason,' replied Giotto, 'that I took up my quarters at *Porta Reale*, to be ready to receive myself.' On another occasion the king said to him, 'Giotto, if I were you, I would not labour so hard this hot weather.' 'Nor I, certainly,' returned the painter, 'if I were the king.' One day, as he was completing a picture, the monarch observed in jest, 'Now, Giotto, I should like you to paint me something on a larger scale; for instance, my own kingdom.' Giotto did as he was requested; and setting to work, soon after presented the king with the painting of—an ass suffering under a heavy bastinado, which instead of resenting, the beast was busy with its paws and nose snuffling up another and larger flagellum than that he felt upon his back, as if desirous of making an exchange. On both the instruments of good order were painted the royal crown and sceptre of magisterial sway. Whether or not the king thought he had carried the jest too far, it is certain Giotto soon after set out to visit other cities of Italy."

We have only to repeat, that the *Landscape Annual* has not this year lost any of its annual charms.

*Insect Miscellanies. Library of Entertaining Knowledge.* London, 1831. C. Knight.

UNDER the title of *Insect Miscellanies*, we have a winding up of what has been published on the natural history of insects in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. It treats more



particularly of the senses and food of these interesting tribes, of their social and domestic habits, and, with an excellent analytical chapter on their systematic arrangements, is at once more complete and amusing than any of its predecessors. Insects have, in miniature, a ganglionic or cerebral organisation as perfect as that of many of the higher animals: the structure of their heart, the distribution of their nervous system, and the complexity and fitness of their various organs of taste, smell, hearing, and vision, have always rendered them objects of contemplative admiration. Instinct, as usually defined, was surpassed in these small creatures; there was no blind impulse, no necessities of organisation or of place:

"Their tiny breasts, inspired with mighty souls,"  
(Troop, Georg. iv. 100.)

awed man into respect for the Creator of such concentrated intelligence, and lessened the pride with which he was accustomed to regard himself. The author has, we think, shewn very great judgment in avoiding any discussions on these matters, by classifying the senses under their appropriate heads, and their propensities to action under their general and more marked characteristics; thus simplifying results which must appear abstruse when we are ignorant of their causes, and rendering the metaphysical part of natural history intelligible to the youthful mind.

That insects possess such high perfection in the various faculties of touch, taste, &c. could hardly be believed, had not the multiplied observations of naturalists placed the question beyond a doubt. In the possession of the first of these senses the spider stands pre-eminent: it exhibits the power of touch in the construction of its web and the capture of its prey; the harvest spider also, by its delicacy of touch, explores the objects among which it travels. The palpi, or feelers, whose analogies are found in the whiskers of the cat, the seal, and the night-jar, and in the appendages of the lips of some fish, are also remarkable organs of touch; and from the possession of the same sense on the surface and at the extremities of their wings, insects speed their flight with greater security, as a man who approaches a wall on the dark has the impression of the air on his face. It is incorrect, however, to say that the perception of heat, or of various temperatures, is a peculiar sense: Dr. Darwin said this fact was proved by the heat of a furnace giving no pain to the nerve of the eye, while it scorches and pains the parts adjacent. The nerves of perception are distinct from the nerves of volition; as, again, those of the senses are from the nerves of touch only; and hence the mistake. It is by the quick perception of slight changes of temperature that insects are warned of a change of weather: when it is wet and windy, spiders spin only very short lines; but "when a spider spins a long thread, there is a certainty of fine weather for at least ten or twelve days afterwards." Light and electricity have also a marked influence on the economy of insects, though more strikingly on plants and animals, lower in the scale of organisation.

"Insects, it would appear, are still nicer than cattle in their selection of food, and, of course, in the acuteness of their taste. The caterpillar of the antler-moth, though it feeds on a variety of grasses, and sometimes commits such ravages in the meadows of Sweden as to endanger the lives of the cattle for want of food, does not touch the fox-tail grass; yet to us the leaves of this grass taste little, if any thing, different from some of those which it so

greedily devours. The caterpillar of the ringlet-butterfly, again, feeds only on one species of grass, the annual poa; while the caterpillar of the gate-keeper confines itself to the dog's-tail grass."

Our author relates many curious facts to prove that insects possess considerable taste; even the midge has its preferences and antipathies, like its less innocent fellow-insect—the bug.

The more beautiful insects frequent the gay and melliferous flower-bed, and they are guided in their pursuit and choice of these by the organ of smell; the fragrance, therefore, of the meadow and the mountain is not lost upon the smallest of the winged creation. From the direction of this instinct, beetles hurry to bury dead animals, ants follow the pathway from opposite colonies, and bees seek the honey-bearing plants. Mr. Rennie relates, that no butterfly, in passing over a wall fifteen feet high, at Havre de Grace, omitted to descend for the purpose of visiting the blossoms of an Alpine blue-bottle (*Centaurea montana*). There is no sense, the seat of which has been so much an object of discussion as that of smell: anatomical details will not, however, amuse the general reader, and we refer any one desirous of a lucid and careful statement of the facts to the perusal of the volume before us.

The emission of sounds more or less harmonious—the music of insects—should, we think, have been a sufficiently satisfactory proof of the existence of an organ of hearing in the same beings, even though Linnaeus and Bonnet doubted the fact. The drum of the grasshopper and the chirp of the cricket are examples of this music; and the Grecian poets so praised the music of the cicada, as to assert that it fed on dew, and lived in perpetual youth. In the spirit of banter, Aristophanes makes Chærophon ask Socrates whether goats buzz with their mouth or tail, as Mouffet pronounced that the sound comes from the mouth, because the sound is louder when they approach than when they retire. We would not, however, from such quotations, throw ridicule on the research after the nature of the organisation which produces sound; on the contrary, the variety and the exceeding beauty of these structures must repay by their study all well-informed minds. Mr. Rennie supports the opinion, also held by Kirby and Spence, that the antennæ are the organs of hearing in insects; and these organs in crabs and lobsters, and, by analogy, in insects, he says, may perform something of the same office as Laennec's instrument called the stethoscope, which medical men use for assisting the ear to ascertain the sounds produced within the chest by breathing, speaking, the beating of the heart, and other organic movements.

The faculty of perceiving light, which belongs to animals not endowed with eyes, attains a very high degree of perfection in the insect tribe, whose eyes are oftentimes numerous, or placed in various positions, or, when single, capable of giving several images of the same object. "It may, at first sight," says our author, "appear not a little puzzling to conceive how a spider with eight eyes, a centipede with twenty, and a butterfly with thirty-five thousand facets in its two eyes, can perceive only one object; yet the difficulty is not of a very different kind from that of our own two eyes, representing only a single object and not two."

The eye of some insects is the most beautiful organ that can be examined, and infinitely surpasses all that is most exquisite in human workmanship. In the bee, the eyes are thickly covered with hair; the uvea, or paint behind

the outer coat, is of a deep purple colour: in other insects it is green, in some blue, in some black; and in others it has a very beautiful mixture of various colours. Professor Müller, of Bonn, has lately published some interesting researches on the structure of the eye in insects, which are introduced into these *Miscellanies* in a condensed form.

We shall pass over the chapters on the food of insects, making one remark on the luminosity of the ocean. Many more luminous molluscæ and crustaceans than those alluded to by Mr. Rennie, have been described by naturalists; and crustaceous animals, though they do not swim well, are much more abundant than our author thinks. The gulls at the mouth of the Thames feed mostly upon a small species of luminous crustaceæ, which is more particularly seen on the springing up of a breeze; and in the northern seas they are still more abundant.

It is a singular fact, that insects should be actuated by feelings somewhat similar to those possessed by the higher animals—should rob and spoil, defend their homes, be jealous, revengeful, and disputative, and should war in armies,—yet such is the case. Thus bees, if the meat of one hive be spent, will assail their next neighbours, with intent to rob and spoil them of their provision: the white ants have a portion of their community set apart for the duties of war, and they exhibit the most perfect form of insect tactics. Ant-battles have been recorded from the oldest times, and none of these records possess more interest than those transmitted to us by the younger Huber, and partly recorded in this little volume, which we shall now take leave of, with the recommendation that it is one of Mr. Rennie's most successful productions, and presents at once a useful and interesting view of that branch of natural history of which it treats.

*Glen Moubray: a Tale.* 3 vols. London, 1831. Simpkin and Marshall; Edinburgh, Constable.

HARDENED as we are in our critical vocation, still there are some things that

"do overcome us like a summer cloud,  
With an especial wonder:"

and we confess the volumes before us are in this number. An incoherent tissue of absurdities for a story; rhapsodies, whose meaning "glimmers not;" long quotations; and some particularly ridiculous love-letters;—such are the contents of *Glen Moubray*.

*The Eve of St. Agnes.* By Mrs. Catherine Mason, late Mrs. C. Ward, author of "Mysterious Marriage," "Cottage on the Cliffs," "Rose of Claremont," &c. &c. 4 vols. London, 1831. Newman.

MYSTERIES, love-affairs, rewards and punishments, death to one hero, and a wife to the other—(where, which is the punishment?)—such are the contents of these pages. The work is inscribed to Lord Morpeth.

*The Scottish Chiefs: a Romance.* Vol. II. By Jane Porter. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

WE do not think it was judicious to make two volumes, in separate publications, of this work. People do not like to wait in the middle of a story, and we therefore strongly recommend to the publishers that they adhere to their original plan of single volumes; for a deviation from it is only likely to create a prejudice against what promises to be one

of the most popular publications of the day. The illustrations to the second volume are inferior. Helen Mar has been chosen by both artists as their subject, and the coarse and heavy figure of Mr. Ferriere is just the opposite of the sweet and graceful creature imagined by Mr. McClise. The one idealises as much as the other destroys the interest of the reader. In the engravings themselves there is great room for improvement. A few interesting notes improve this edition.

*The Moravians in Greenland.* 18mo. pp. 320. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1831. Olliphant.

A PIOUS and pleasing account of the Moravian settlement in Greenland, and of the efforts of the brethren to convert the natives.

*Ben Howard; or, the Pedlar and the Publican.*

Pp. 207. London, 1831. Harvey and Darton. A LITTLE work, by the author of the *Poor Child's Friend*, intended to discountenance vice and recommend virtue to the young. Our readers are aware that we are extremely difficult to please in publications of this class; for, however well intended they are, we too often find in them parts inconsistent with the whole, and statements which are apt to be misunderstood, and consequently to lead to wrong quite as much as there are passages to point to the right path. Thus, in this book, we cannot say that we approve of making the hero a thief in order to shew how much happier he is when honest: such an example might tempt to stealing, and the tempted might not have a Pedlar to win him back to virtue. In other respects the performance is most creditable and effective.

*Polytechnic Library. I. Art of Glass-blowing, &c.* By a French Artist. Pp. 112. London, 1831. Bumpus and Griffin.

CHEMISTS or experimentalists who may desire to become so far independent of instrument-makers as to be able to blow some of their own apparatus, will find instructions in the art in this small volume.

*Rollin's Ancient History, Part I.* 8vo. double columns, pp. 68. London, 1831. Thomson; Harding.

THIS is the commencement of a cheap reprint of Rollin's *Ancient History*. All that we see stated concerning the plan is, that it is to be completed in twenty-one monthly parts. We think well of the design, for this author can never be too widely diffused, or too much read.

*Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. IV. Peregrine Pickle, Vol. II.* Cochrane and Co. G. CRUIKSHANKS' frontispiece, the tailors baffling the bailiff, is a most humorous cut; and the magician is also excellently conceived and executed. The other two illustrations have nothing particular, but serve well to illustrate the text.

*Herodoti Historiarum Libri IX.* Recensit et Adnotationibus Scholarum in usum instructus Carolus Augustus Steger, in Regio Gymnasio Wetzlarum Præceptor. Gissii, apud G. F. Heyrum. 3 vols. 8vo. in two.

M. HEYER, the publisher of this most useful and valuable edition of Herodotus, at Giessen, has favoured us by the transmission of a copy for our opinion, and we have much pleasure in responding to the call, by stating that it well deserves the popular reception it has met with in

Germany, and only needs to be known to be equally acceptable to English scholars. Professor Steger has laboured with true German diligence upon the text, which we find to be unusually correct. There is also an Index Græcisticus, of great importance to the understanding of this ancient author; and the notes are ample and full of instruction. The price in Germany is, we observe, very moderate, and we presume the work may be imported at a reasonable rate into this country. Sure we are that, wherever it can be met with, it will be esteemed a treasure by the learned.

*Remarks on the general Tenour of the New Testament, regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ: addressed to Mrs. Joanna Baillie.* By the Bishop of Salisbury. Salisbury, 1831, Brodie and Co.: London, Rivingtons; and Hatchard and Son.

THE learned and pious prelate whose name is prefixed to this publication has thought it expedient to defend the Christian church from the attack of Mrs. Joanna Baillie; and he has done so with all the patience, temperance, and ability, which was to be expected from his character. His arguments are, that the doctrines of the Church of England are founded on the plain evidence of Scripture; that a knowledge of the original language and of the Old Testament is indispensable to the critical understanding of controverted passages; and that Christ is distinctly shewn to be the one, true, almighty, and eternal God. The bishop points out the incompleteness of Mrs. Baillie's Scripture quotations relative to the nature and dignity of Christ; and from other quotations which he supplies and comments upon, contends that her conclusions are erroneous. We are compelled by our rule to abstain from the theological difference; but we may recommend this volume to every lover of the church and of truth.

*Family Classical Library, No. XXII. Thucydides, Vol. III.* London, Valpy.

A CONTINUATION of Dr. Smith the Dean of Chester's translation. It goes to Book VIII. of the Peloponnesian War.

*Divines of the Church of England.* No. XVII. London, Valpy.

THE fifth volume of Jeremy Taylor well sustains the utility and value of the preceding volumes.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### FLOW OF THE THAMES: LONDON BRIDGE.

[HAVING received the subjoined letter from Mr. Riley, we took the best means in our power to be enabled to answer it satisfactorily; and as the information is of much interest, particularly to the inhabitants of London and the banks of the river above bridge, we submit the whole to the public attention.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In a small work lately published, *A Professional Survey of the Old and New London Bridges*, it is stated,\* that "the total width of the water-way between the arches is 690 feet at all times of the tide, being 66 feet more than the old bridge afforded at high-water mark."

Now, if the water-way of the old bridge at high-water mark was 524 feet, the present water-way is only increased one-eighth; but if the water-way of the old bridge was only 450 feet at high water, as stated by Hawksmoor, who surveyed the bridge in the time of Sir Christopher Wren, the present water-way

is more than double that of the old bridge. Until this point is settled, the probable effects to be produced on the river and its shores cannot be calculated; and as I have been much engaged in inspecting and noticing the results on the River Ouse, and the outfall at Lynn, produced by a clearer water-way, the effects on the Thames is a subject of interest to me.

Can you, therefore, furnish me, through the medium of your *Gazette*, (to which I have been an occasional contributor, and of which I am a constant reader,) with the authentic measurement of the different arches, piers, and the water-way through each arch, of the present old London Bridge, both at high and low water, and at what intermediate period the tide reaches the starlings, so as to calculate with some more certainty the passage of the water? Mr. Telford in his report does not mention this.—I remain, sir, &c.

J. RILEY.

Poppinewick, near Nottingham, Sept. 20.

The original old structure had nineteen arches, together with a draw-arch, making twenty openings, at the period it was first erected—in 1176. The largest span, or opening, was then thirty-five feet, with piers averaging, as they do now, from twenty-five to thirty-four feet in thickness.

In the year 1750, the pier in the middle of the river was removed, and the present centre arch turned, the old houses removed, and the roadway widened to its present state.

London Bridge, up to the middle of the year 1826, contained nineteen arches; the largest span of the centre being seventy feet, and forty-eight feet wide.

The water-way between the piers, above the starlings, was 524 feet; the solids occupied by the piers, 407 feet. The water-way between the starlings at low water, was 231 feet; and the space occupied by the piers and starlings was 700 feet.

In the middle of the years 1826 and 1827, it became necessary to remove two piers—one on each side of the river, north and south, for the purpose of relieving the water-way, at the period the cofferdams were up for the construction of the new bridge; and there consequently now only remains seventeen openings, whose width of water-way above the starlings is 562 feet; and the space occupied by the piers is 369 feet. The water-way below the starlings, at low water, is 299 feet; and the space occupied by the starlings is 633 feet.

The new bridge has a water-way of 690 feet, clear at all times of tides, and the piers occupy ninety-two feet; and the lineal high water-way through the arches and openings of the old structure, during spring tides, is about 485 feet.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### COLLECTION OF JAPANESE CURIOSITIES AT AMSTERDAM.

MR. J. F. VAN OVERMEER FISSCHER, who was for about nine years employed in the Dutch factory in Japan, took advantage of his situation to collect this great number of curiosities, most of which are very valuable. This cabinet is better calculated than any descriptions or drawings to make us acquainted with the manners and customs of a people so interesting, in many respects, to Holland, and to give us an idea of the high degree of civilisation and of advancement in many branches of art and science which that nation has attained. The cabinet is divided into twelve departments.



The first is that of geography: it contains a number of maps of Japan; plans of the city of Jeddo; a very circumstantial travelling map of the great road from Miao to Jeddo; and, above all, a collection of twelve maps of China, representing that empire as it existed under the several dynasties that have governed it.

The second division contains 500 volumes, printed in the Japanese language, a considerable number of which are adorned with wood-cuts; likewise a number of manuscripts, all treating of the religion, history, legislation, and language of Japan, and also on the various arts and sciences cultivated in that empire.

The third division, besides a collection of 300 very remarkable and ancient medals, contains a number of valuable lacerated articles, and other similar objects, among which there are some of very remote antiquity.

Above 600 drawings and prints, by Japanese artists, form the fourth division; and the fifth contains articles connected with the various religious sects in Japan: among them is the model of a temple, in which the style of the architecture and the internal arrangement are represented with the minutest accuracy. Here too are some remarkable animals, like that which was exhibited at Amsterdam some years ago, and which some persons then took for a mermaid. These monsters are composed with great care and art by the Japanese from parts of different animals, to serve as offerings to some of their idols.

The sixth division consists of Japanese arms and armour; the seventh, of a great collection of natural history; the eighth, of Japanese dresses and household furniture; the ninth is a complete collection of Japanese musical instruments, many of which are very magnificent, and used only at the court of the emperor, or in the palaces of the nobles.

The tenth is a rich and select collection of articles used by the Japanese in domestic life, and for household purposes.

Models of various buildings, with ten models of shops and vessels, and a number of tools used in the exercise of various arts, compose the eleventh division, in which there is also a series of pictures, each representing a Japanese workman at his work. Here, too, is a remarkable model of a copper-mine, which gives a clear idea of the manner in which the Japanese work their mines.

The twelfth division comprehends such things as could not properly be placed with the preceding; among which is a complete collection of furniture in the European fashion, all made of the most valuable lacerated work, which, though not properly a part of a Japanese collection, gives great lustre to this cabinet, and far surpasses any thing of the kind ever before seen here.

This short sketch gives but an imperfect idea of this valuable collection, which we hope will remain in the Netherlands.

## PINE ARTS.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Traditions of Lancashire.* Second Series. By J. Roby, M.R.S.L. Longman and Co.

We have lying before us a set of the plates that are to embellish the second series of Mr. Roby's curious and interesting work; and we can justly speak of them as entitled to high praise. There are few parts of the kingdom more abounding with picturesque scenery than that which they illustrate. Mr. G. Pickering, from whose tasteful pencil the various views

have proceeded, has made the most of the natural advantages thus offered to him, and has been ably seconded by the graver of Mr. E. Finden. Among the most attractive subjects, are, "the Pile of Fouldrey"—"Rivington Pike"—"Clitheroe Castle"—"Ulverstone Sands"—"Windlesham Abbey"—"the Thutch, near Rochdale," &c. We look anxiously for the author's continuation of his delightful design.

*Devonshire and Cornwall Illustrated.* Nos. XXIV. to XXVII. Fisher, Son, and Co. The embellishments of this popular publication continue to be as pleasing as ever. It is really surprising how they can be afforded at so moderate a rate.

*Illustrations of the American Ornithology of Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucien Bonaparte; with the addition of numerous recently discovered Species: and including Representations of the principal Insects, Forest-Trees, and Fruits, of America.* Drawn, etched, and coloured, under the superintendence of Captain Thomas Brown, F.L.S. M.W.S. &c., President of the Royal Physical Society. Folio. No. I. Edinburgh, Constable; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; and Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS splendid, though comparatively cheap, publication is intended as a companion to the letter-press recently reprinted in *Constable's Miscellany*. "The advantages," Capt. Brown remarks, "which this, the first English edition, has over the original justly celebrated work, is, that the birds of each genus are brought together, in place of being promiscuously scattered through a variety of plates containing species of different genera. I have added also representations of all the forest-trees of America, with their fruits, together with the principal insects of that country." The present Number exhibits representations of twenty-five birds, (eagles, hawks, woodpeckers, warblers, and that magnificent creature the snowy owl), thirteen forest-trees, and twelve insects; and the work, when complete (which it will be in ten Nos.), is to comprehend the whole of the American sylvia, besides every bird which has been discovered in that country. At its conclusion "a few sheets of letter-press will be given, which, in addition to the technicalities of the various birds, will contain an account of the habitations and localities of the fruits, forest-trees, and insects, of the United States, now for the first time introduced." The first No. is a fine specimen; and if the remaining portion of the work be executed with equal taste and beauty, (of which we can have no doubt, when we see that such men as Scott, Lizars, Millar, Clark, Mitchell, and Giekie,—who are the best artists, in their way, in Edinburgh,—are employed in the undertaking), it will be an admirable publication, and will be well entitled to stand side by side with the celebrated *British Ornithology*, by Selby.

*Views in the East; from original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R.N.* Part XII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE Caves of Ellora, those singular and extraordinary works of an unknown age, form the subjects of the three plates which embellish the twelfth Part of the *Views in the East*. Of the Bisma Kurm, Captain Elliot observes: "There is something peculiarly graceful, well-proportioned, and elegant, in the form of this cave; and it does infinite credit to the skill of its projectors: the style of it is at once simple, impressive, and grand; and it strikes the be-

holder with that degree of satisfactory wonder which can only be understood by those who have actually contemplated the object. Whoever they may have been (and it is not known) that had genius to plan; and industry to execute such a work,—however remote or approximate the age (and it is yet undiscovered) in which they laboured,—whatever may have been their design (and that is not now under consideration) in undertaking and accomplishing such a task,—they have left behind them a monument of skill, that must continue to excite the admiration of all who have any feeling for the nobler works of art, as long as the object itself remains to demand attention." "The Skeleton Group" in the Rameswar, (which, although only a second or third-rate cave with respect to size, contains, it seems, more elaborate and better-executed sculpture than any other in the whole range), is exceedingly curious.

*The Retreat of a Baggage-wagon at the Battle of Naseby.* Painted and etched by Henry Melling. Moon, Boys, and Graves. A VERY masterly etching; and in both design and execution full of fire and spirit.

*Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1832.* From Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

SIX-AND-TWENTY as picturesque and beautiful views of cities, towns, cathedrals, palaces, fortresses, bridges, mountains, plains, lakes, passes, &c., principally in Italy and Germany, as ever came under our critical inspection. Those who may suppose that, because they are all from the pencil of a single artist, they must necessarily possess a monotony of character, will be very agreeably disappointed. Mr. Stanfield has communicated to them great variety. In some he has concentrated his light, in others he has diffused it. Some he has represented in broad day, others under the influence of the setting sun. In short, he has availed himself of all the resources with which his talents and experience have so amply supplied him, to impart to every one of the scenes which he has here treated a distinct and peculiar interest. When we mention the names of J. B. Allen, R. Brandard, J. Carter, S. Fisher, E. Goodall, C. Heath, T. Jeavons, H. Jorden, W. Miller, W. Radclyffe, J. Smith, W. R. Smith, R. Wallis, and J. T. Willmore, as the engravers of the various plates, it must be unnecessary to add that their execution is of the highest excellence.

### The New Sporting Magazine.

WE have proofs of the embellishments of the New Sporting Magazine for August, September, and October; and they do the proprietors of that publication, and the artists engaged in it, the highest credit. In particular, we have never met with two little plates executed with more truth, force, and spirit, than *Racing—the Starting Post*, engraved by J. R. Scott, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A.; and *The Duke of Portland's Yacht Pantaloon, sailing with Sir E. Codrington's Fleet*, engraved by W. R. Smith, from a painting by J. C. Schetky, Esq.

### Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not for 1832.

MR. ACKERMANN'S *Forget-Me-Not* bears the same relation to the English Annuals that the *Iliad* bears to Poetry. We trust that our worthy Teutonic friend will feel the dignity of this comparison of him to Homer; and that when he reads it, to use the words of Curran with reference to Fox, "a smile will ripple over the broad and calm Atlantic of his coun-

tenance." In the volume which is on the eve of publication, a tasteful ornamental frontispiece introduces the following embellishments.

*Triumph of Mordecai.* J. Martin del., E. Finden sculp. A fine specimen of Mr. Martin's skill in grouping immense assemblages of human beings, and in grand architectural composition.—*The Frosty Reception.* Painted by R. W. Buss, engraved by S. Davenport. Of the picture we spoke with the praise which it deserved when it was exhibited last year at the Suffolk Street Gallery. Mr. Davenport has done it great justice.—*Don Juan.* J. Holmes pinx., W. Finden sculp. Very like Lord Byron, indeed. But is not Mr. Holmes apprehensive of a visit from the noble poet's ghost for the identification?—*Toku, on the Godavery.* W. Purser del., J. Carter sculp. Beautiful oriental scenery, executed with great clearness and transparency.—*La Pensée.* J. Holmes pinx., Mrs. Hamilton sculp. A penny for your thoughts! The plate does the fair engraver exceeding credit.—*Uncle Toby and the Widow.* H. Richter pinx., C. Rolls sculp. The vivid recollection we entertain of Mr. Leslie's exquisite picture, will for some time render us too prejudiced fairly to criticise any other work from the same subject.—*Mariana.* Sir T. Lawrence pinx., R. Graves sculp. A graceful portrait, charmingly engraved; the drapery in particular.—*The Thunder-storm.* J. Wood pinx., W. Finden sculp. Pretty, but rather theatrical.—*The Disappointment.* H. Corbould pinx., S. Davenport sculp. Who can help sympathising with the forsaken damsel? The clowns at the maypole have neither taste nor gallantry.—*Mayence.* S. Prout pinx., J. Carter sculp. A pretty little scrap of Prout.—*The Stage-struck Hero.* W. Kidd pinx., T. Engleheart sculp. Bravo! bravo! bravo! Can we end better?

*Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1832.*

NINE pleasing prints. Our favourites are:—*The Ballad.* A. Farrier pinx., W. Chevalier sculp. A beautifully composed and sweetly finished little rustic group.—*Returning from Market.* W. Shayer pinx., J. Carter sculp. Very like Gainsborough. Is there higher praise?—*The Shepherd's Boy.* H. Warren pinx., H. Rolls sculp. The figures are interesting, and the solitude of the mountainous back-ground is finely characteristic.—*Avocata.* T. Uwins pinx., W. R. Smith sculp. An admirable union of sublimity and picturesque beauty.

*Illustrations of Friendship's Offering, for 1832.* Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE have not yet seen the text of this publication (indeed, we believe it is not quite completed); but if its merits prove equal to those of the graphic embellishments, the work will be, as usual, an "Offering" which may be presented by one "Friend," and accepted by another, with mutual gratification. Subjoined is a brief notice of them:

*Lady Carrington.* Engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by Sir T. Lawrence. Elegant in character, and beautiful in execution.—*The Fairy of the Lake.* Drawn by H. Richter; engraved by E. Finden. Highly imaginative and original in its conception.—*The Poet's Dream.* Painted by R. Westall, R.A.; engraved by J. Goodyear. Who would not be a poet, to be so attended in his sylvan siesta!—*The Embarkation.* Drawn by J. Whichelo; engraved by R. Brandard. A charming little rival of Claude.—*The Orphan.* Painted by

J. Holmes; engraved by H. C. Shenton. A sweet English-rustic composition. We wish all orphans were as well off.—*Expectation.* Painted by E. C. Wood; engraved by W. C. Finden. Rich and tasteful; but singularly coincident in composition and arrangement with Mr. Parris's "Bridemaid."—*The Greek Mother.* Painted by H. Corbould; engraved by H. Rolls. An expressive and classical group.—*The Dismal Tale.* Painted by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved by H. C. Shenton. The tale may be dismal, but there is something very cheery in the social little assemblage of listeners.—*The Palace.* Drawn by W. Purser; engraved by E. Finden. Gorgeous in forms and in effect.—*Myrrha and Myrto.* Painted by J. Wood; engraved by T. A. Dean. The ladies would be rather tall if they were to rise from their recumbent position. It is, however, an elegant and graceful composition; and the style in which it is engraved is singularly rich and mellow.—*The Prediction.* Painted by A. Johanot; engraved by C. Rolls. A favourable prophecy, we will be bound. The effect is very pleasing.

CORONATION: CAVALCADE PROCESSION.

WE are gratified to hear that Mr. R. B. Davis, the Animal Painter to the King, has it in command from his most gracious Majesty to paint a series of pictures illustrative of that splendid spectacle, than which nothing more striking in character and effect has ever appeared in this, or, we believe, in any country. With the studies already made, his Majesty has been pleased to express his entire satisfaction. We have no doubt that both as a work of art and an historical document, the subject will be found in every point of view of the highest interest.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THIS theatre opened on Saturday with the *Honeymoon*, in which three new performers made their first appearance; *imprimis*, a Mr. Jones from Edinburgh, where he has been a favourite for many years. He is a pleasant actor, with a good deal of mannerism, and certainly an excellent addition to the Drury Lane company. *Secundo*, Mrs. Bendel, a lively actress; and last, a Miss Kennett, who played the little part of *Zamora* with great sweetness and simplicity, and was much applauded. Miss Philips was the *Juliana*, and Mr. Wallack the *Duke Aranza*, of the night. Miss Philips cannot play comedy. In all the first scenes she was too boisterous, but in the simple and serious parts very delightful. Wallack played the Duke only tolerably. A Miss Gordon made her first appearance on these boards in the slight part of *Ottavia*, in the *Brigand*; but was so agitated all through, that it was impossible to judge of her merits.

On Tuesday *Werner*, and on Thursday *Alfred*, permitted of noble displays of the histrionic powers of Macready. Both were efficiently cast, and received with the applause they so well deserved.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS theatre opened on Monday with *Hamlet*; *Hamlet* by Mr. Young; and never did this accomplished performer acquit himself more perfectly.

THE ADELPHI.

OPENED with a new melo-dramatic piece, called the *Sea Serpent*—a nice horrible piece, in

which Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Buckstone, O. Smith, Miss Daly, and Hemmings, played admirably; and there is some pleasing music by Rodwell. We must not forget the Serpent himself, who acted with great effect: the real *Bon constrictor* would do well to go and study him as an example. Truly, the audience seem determined to be amused at this theatre. It was quite delightful to see such a set of merry faces, and to hear the peals of mirth during the whole evening. The *Sea Serpent* was announced for the next night amid great applause. In the second piece, *Was I to blame?* Yates and his wife kept the audience in a roar of laughter. To any one who is inclined for a downright evening's amusement, we again and again cordially recommend the little Adelphi.

OLYMPIC.

THIS beautiful little theatre opened on Saturday last, and was crammed as soon as opened. Before the rising, or rather drawing, of the curtain, (for it flies apart in a novel and graceful manner,) scarcely a peep of the stage was to be obtained. After "God save the King," which was exceedingly well sung, we gave up all hopes of seeing the performances, and therefore retired, consoling ourselves for our own disappointment by the consideration of the success of the fair lessee. On Monday we returned to the charge, and were gratified by the excellent acting of Liston, in an adaptation of M. D'Espagny's clever drama of *Dominique*, which has here obtained the cognomen of *Talk of the Devil*. M. D'Espagny's three acts have subsided into two, and we think the piece gains by the loss. Liston is himself in the second act, and some other very clever person in the first. Sound acting and "admirable footing" go hand in hand in this new effort of our popular comedian; and those who can truly appreciate either, will not regret a squeeze at the Olympic. Mr. C. Horn and Mr. J. Bland have given new life to the old favourites of last season, the *Chaste Salute* and the *Olympic Revels*. Bland, as *Jupiter*, in the latter, is most especially entitled to our praises and congratulations. Madame Vestris sang and looked as charmingly as ever, and has captivated, we perceive, to add to the very many pretty faces which the female portion of her company boasted last season.

VARIETIES.

*Astronomical Cards.*—One of those ingenious inventions to render the acquisition of science an amusement for youth. Mrs. M. A. Ryan has here contrived three games of astronomy, viz. the planetary, the zodiacal, and the game of the constellations. The players take the places of the sun, the planets &c.: on their answers to questions depend the forfeits and rewards. We can safely recommend these cards to our young friends, who may gain much information from them.

*Literary Fund: the late Mr. Strahan.*—During his life-time this philanthropic and benevolent individual presented a thousand pounds to the Literary Fund; not content with which most liberal donation, he has by his will bequeathed another thousand pounds to the same excellent Institution. This is to be free of the legacy duty, and does honour to the memory of Mr. Strahan, who, well acquainted with the distribution of this charity, knew that he could not leave a blessing where it would be better bestowed.

*King's College.*—The ceremony of the public opening of the King's College is to take place



to-day; and will, no doubt, be very impressive and interesting, though we have seen no programme of the proceedings. Our readers may refer to the *Lit. Gaz.* of the 8th of May, 1830, No. 694, for an engraved elevation of this fine structure, and for a detailed account of its plan and arrangements. The school, in six classes, under the Rev. J. R. Major, M.A. as head master, and the Rev. J. Edwards as second master, will now commence. One of the chief features, both in the school and college, is "Religious and Moral Instruction, in conformity with the principles of the established Church." Public examinations and lectures also form part of the system.

**The Amulet.**—This volume for 1832, together with its beautiful collection of engravings, reached us too late for a review in this week's *Gazette*. We cannot, however, allow our sheet to go to press without expressing the high satisfaction we have derived from both.

**Early closing of the Theatres.**—We have to notice with our hearty commendation the measures taken (especially at Drury Lane) for bringing the performances to a conclusion about half-past eleven o'clock. We have often advised this improvement; and the proprietors may depend upon it, that many persons will now be induced to visit the theatre who were previously kept away by the late hours, which made the seeing of a play impossible to any one residing at a distance, except at the expense of a night's rest.

**Tribute to the Memory of George III.**—The committee nominated to carry this design into effect have decided upon an equestrian statue, in bronze, of our revered monarch. It is to be executed by Mr. Matthew Wyatt, the original projector of this grateful memorial, and whose models of horses for it attracted so much just admiration. A desirable situation in the metropolis will be procured for this work of art; and we trust as fine as it is likely to be a lasting monument will be produced.

**Periodicals: the Press.**—A journal in Turkish and French is about to be published at Constantinople. M. Blacque, the editor of the *Courier de Smyrne*, is, it is said, to conduct the French portion, while the Turkish part is assigned to Esad Effendi, the historiographer of the empire.

**The new Volcanic Island.**—The last accounts of this island, contained in the *Semaphore*, state that the eruption has ceased, and that the crater is now filled with boiling water, from which a sulphurous smoke continues to issue. The island is chiefly formed of a spongy lava and puzoplane. The brink of the crater is thirty feet in height at the lowest part, in other places eighty feet, and in the centre 200 feet. It is easy to land on the south-west side. Smoke issues from several points of the sea around.

**Machine for saving Lives at Sea, &c.**—A Mr. Canning has invented a very simple but a very effectual apparatus for saving the lives of sailors, &c. from wrecks at sea. It consists of spars, booms, or any similar materials always to be found on board of vessels, fastened together with ropes, and made additionally buoyant by means of barrels.

**The March of Cockneyism.**—The following inscription,

"BRITANNIA'S GLORY  
IS TRUE BLUE."

is to be seen on the door and sides of Blanch's Fulham omnibus; in which it might, therefore, seem very expedient for our friends of *Cockneyism* to travel in search of villars, when in want of such places.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. 1, Oct. 6, 1831.]

Mr. Murray has just issued a prospectus of a complete and uniform edition of the Works of Lord Byron, with his Letters and Journals, and Life by Moore. The publication is to commence with the new year, and to be completed in fourteen monthly volumes, about the size of the Waverley Novels, and with frontispieces and vignette title-pages, engraved on steel, after original designs by eminent artists. Mr. Murray, in his announcement, that the copyright to the master to be contained in this work has cost him upwards of £25,000; we like the design so well, we could almost predicate that it will repay this large sum. The specimen of engraving, Constantino, by E. Finden, from a drawing by Stanfield, is very pretty; and the typography clear and handsome.

A Series of Landscape Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron, to accompany Mr. Murray's new edition: they will be engraved by the most eminent Artists, and appear in a similar manner to the Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.

Sketches of the Principal Events connected with the History of Modern Europe; in which their influence on the interests, happiness, and morals of Society, are particularly considered. By the Rev. H. C. O'Donoghue, A.M.

In one volume, uniform with Wordsworth's Selections from the Poems of Southey.

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce of the Principal Nations of Asia, translated from the German of A. H. L. Heern. We rejoice to find that this admirable work is about to appear in an English translation: Africa—comprising the Egyptians, Ethiopians, Carthaginians, &c., is the commencement.

The Usurer's Daughter, by one of the Contributors to Blackwood's Magazine.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela, &c., 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. 6d.—Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, 1832, imp. 4to. 12. 10s.; colomb. 4to. 3s. 3d. in portfolio.—Honnell's Forum of Declarations, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Description of the Contents, Objects, and Uses of the Public Records, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Elliott's Amusements for Little Girls, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Mrs. Copley's Sacred History, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Ivimey's Memoirs of William Fox, Esq., 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Kew's Travels of True Soldiers, by Malcolm, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Illustrations of Shakespeare and the British Drama, 8vo. 10s. cloth.—Memoirs of the Late War, by the Earl of Munster, Captain Cook, &c., 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. bds.—Phillips's Companion for the Kitchen Garden, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Taurinobol, crown 8vo. 3s. cloth.—Bichat's General Anatomy, 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. bds.—Lectures on Anatomy of Gregory and Celsus, 18mo. 8s. bds.—Lugol on Scrofula, 8vo. 8s. bds.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 22	From 42. to 65.	29.81 to 29.94
Friday... 23	— 37. — 63.	30.00 — 30.07
Saturday... 24	— 41. — 64.	30.14 — 30.11
Sunday... 25	— 41. — 67.	29.09 — 29.23
Monday... 26	— 52. — 65.	29.05 — 29.93
Tuesday... 27	— 49. — 68.	29.89 — 29.78
Wednesday 28	— 50. — 69.	29.74 — 29.68

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.  
Except the 26th, 27th, and evening of the 28th, generally clear. A storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, on the evening of the 26th; the lightning at times very vivid.  
Rain fallen, 27½ of an inch.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 29	From 53. to 68.	29.59 to 29.61
Friday... 30	— 49. — 68.	29.53 — 29.54
October.		
Saturday... 1	— 56. — 69.	29.29 — 29.23
Sunday... 2	— 61. — 67.	29.32 — 29.46
Monday... 3	— 45. — 67.	29.61 — 29.71
Tuesday... 4	— 48. — 61.	29.73 — 29.87
Wednesday 5	— 49. — 61.	29.61 — 29.96

Wind, till the 3d, S.E.; since, S.W.  
Except the 4th and 5th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy rain; several flashes of lightning on the evenings of the 29th and 30th ult.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and 9 of an inch—exceeding the amount of the fall during the whole month of August by 4 of an inch!

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 37" N.  
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should be much obliged to J. C. C. for any communications.

The *Literary Gazette* does not give an obituary. Touching the letter dated "University Club, Oct. 3," we can only say, that it has two very obscure recommendations—first, we do not know whom it is from; secondly, we do not know what it is about.

The *first justice* had been done upon *Glen Moulay* before we received the author's appeal for forbearance. We are under a planet which compels us to speak truth; and therefore we can only hope that, as there were causes operating against this first and unpractised attempt, greater merit and success may attend any future effort.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**TO ARTISTS, ARCHITECTS, and DRAFTSMEN.**—Since the death of Mr. Langdon, the late surviving Partner of Messrs. Brookman and Langdon, the utmost attention has been given to the Manufacture of Drawing Pencils in Cedar by B. Mordan and Co., who pledge themselves to supply nothing but pure Cumberland Lead; thereby removing those objections and annoyances so frequently complained of in Drawing Pencils. All who wish to be satisfied as to the genuineness of these Pencils, may see them manufactured at No. 22, Castle Street, Finsbury, which establishment now has the honour, exclusively, to supply all the Government Offices.  
Sold retail by all respectable Stationers, &c. throughout the United Kingdom. S. Mordan and Co.'s name is on each Pencil.

**ARTISTS and others** are respectfully invited to inspect the very extensive and elegant Stock of Or-Mola Frames, Mats, and Morocco Cases for Miniatures, &c., which are manufactured in the most superior manner by Mr. Miers, No. 111, Strand, Master, by Appointment, to Her Majesty.

A liberal allowance is made to Artists and to the Trade, and on Country and Foreign Orders.  
111, Strand, nearly opposite to the Great Hall.

## THE PROOF PLATES TO HEATH'S

PICTURESQUE ANNUAL, from Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, engraved by the most celebrated Engravers, consisting of 17 beautiful plates, in a Portfolio.  
Plain Proof, 5s. 2s.; India Proof, 5s. 3s.; before letters, 4s. 4s.

Also,  
The Proof Plates to the Keepsake for 1832, consisting of 17 beautiful plates, engraved in the most highly finished manner.  
Plain Proof, 5s. 2s.; India Proof, 5s. 3s.; before letters, 4s. 4s.

In a Portfolio.  
Published for the Proprietor, by Moon, Boys, and Graves, 6, Pall Mall; to whom Orders are respectfully requested to be sent.

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Important Musical Announcement.

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